

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY—President, H.R.H. The Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G. Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tenth Season. **FIRST CONCERT, THURSDAY, 11th November, at Eight o'clock.** "JUDAS MACCABÆUS."—Miss Anna Williams, Miss Marian Williams, M^{rs} Mary Cummings, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr T. Hanson, and Signor Foli. Prices—Single Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 3s., and 1s.; Subscription for Series of Six Concerts (tickets transferable), 35s., 25s., 15s., and 10s. Seats may now be secured and Prospectuses obtained at the Royal Albert Hall.—There are still a few Vacancies for good Voices in the Chorus.

"JUDAS MACCABÆUS," with a **MILITARY BAND**" (COLDSTREAM GUARDS, by permission), at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, on THURSDAY, 11th November, at Eight o'clock. **BAND and CHORUS, 1000.** Admission 1s.

SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, St James's Hall.—These concerts have been organized with a view to supplying a want for a long time felt in London—that of hearing High-class Orchestral Music during the winter at popular prices. A special feature will be the production at each concert of at least one important work by an English composer. The **FIRST SERIES** will take place on SATURDAY Evenings, November 13, 27, December 4, 18. Vocalists—Mrs Osgood and Miss Mary Davies. M^{rs} Patey and Miss Orridge; Mr Bantley, &c. Pianoforte—M^{rs} Frickenhaus, Miss Bessie Richards, Mr Oscar Beringer, &c. Violin—M. Sainton and M. Ovide Musin. Conductor—Mr FREDERIC H. COWEN. Subscription Tickets (for the series of Four Concerts), One Guinea; Single Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., and 1s., at Austin's, St James's Hall, and the usual Agents.

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THIS EVENING.

M^{rs} LIEBHART and EMES'S FOURTH SATURDAY MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at LADBROKE HALL, Notting Hill, W., takes place THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), November 6th, at Eight o'clock. M^{rs} Liebhart, Emes, E. Martens, Emmeline Lewis, and Marie Beval; M^{rs} de Monaco, A. Martens, and Vergara. Pianoforte—Miss Florence Waud. Conductor—Signor A. ROMILI. Popular prices—3s., 2s., and 1s. Tickets of Mrs Gates, Stationer, 9, Ladbroke Grove Road; and at the Hall.

MISS LOUISA BALL, the Youthful Elocutionist, will recite (by desire) on the 8th Nov., at St Paul's School-room, Swiss Cottage, and also in December, for the Benefit of the Post Office Messenger's Concert, the following poems: "THE CHILD MARTYR" (EDWARD OXFORD, Esq.), "LITTLE JIM" (by FARMER), and "WILLIE'S GRAVE" (by EDWIN WAUGH).

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS grants CERTIFICATES in Three Grades (Honours, First and Second Class), for the Practice of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. The next Examination will take place at the Society's House, Adelphi, London, during the week commencing January 10th, 1881. Particulars will be forwarded on application to the SECRETARY at the above address. By order, H. TRUMAN WOOD, Secretary.

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MR VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired Song, "THE MESSAGE," at Brixton, November 10th; Blackheath, 20th; St James's Hall, December 7th; and Town Hall, Birmingham, December 9th.

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MR VERNON RIGBY will sing ASCHER'S popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Brixton, November 10th; Blackheath, 20th; St James's Hall, December 7th; and Town Hall, Birmingham, December 9th.

"WHY DID I LOVE HER?"

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MUSIC &c., IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical season in New York may be said to have begun this year with the production of an opera called *Deseret*, music by Dudley Buck, an organist and composer of sacred music, much admired over here, and the winner of the two hundred pound prize offered last year by the Cincinnati College of Music for the best work for orchestra and chorus. I pass over a dozen minor revivals of German adaptations which like the poor we have with us always; and very poor they are as a rule. Our large German population enables the many strolling companies who go about playing Suppé and Genée to live. The works of this class are played *ad nauseam* by both German and English companies, these latter varying the fare by occasional doses of *Pinafore* and the *Pirates*. *Deseret* is the name by which the Mormon territory of Utah was formerly known. The plot is laid among the Mormons, hence the name. The author of the book, an editor named Croffut, is chiefly known by some clever political rhymes. The plot concerns the adventures of an interesting Mormon maiden who objects to becoming the twenty-fifth wife of Elder Scram, whose twenty-four blessings likewise object to the further division of Scram's already much scattered affections. One of the scenes represents Scram's room out of which lead twenty-four doors; at a ring from Scram the doors all open and the wives troop forth. The maiden at last escapes from Scram by marrying an army officer conveniently stationed near, while the wives in their indignation at Scram's insatiable desire for wedded bliss resolve to "go and lecture," a course to which abused women in our western country are much given. When Scram is deserted, he is left with one baby on his hands, but without any clue as to which of the twenty-four wives was its mother. "Its eyes," he sings, "are like Julia's, its nose like Sarah's, its mouth like Polly's, its hair like Susan's," and so forth. These are the only features of the book worth mentioning, and I am not quite sure even of this. The dialogue is stupid beyond conception, and whatever sparkle there might be in the lines and songs, is thoroughly taken out of them by the atrocious acting and singing of the sticks engaged for the work—persons of no ability whatever. The music is a disappointment to all of Buck's friends. With the exception of one or two choruses which would be well enough in church, the whole score is entirely devoid of interest; not a jingle in it will, in my opinion, attain the dignity of a hand-organ patronage. The fact is that Buck's head was turned by the success of Sullivan; he could write a carol fairly, he knew something of the management of choruses, and therefore, why should he not write comic operas for home consumption? *Deseret* appeared ten days ago, and has already been consigned to the place from which no operas ever return.

Another *fiasco* was that of the Leavitt English Opera company, an organization led by Miss Zelina Dolaro, who, after a few weeks of suggestive posturing before empty benches, in a burlesque of *Carmen* and an English version of *La Fille du Tambour Major*—the same, I believe, as that given in London, deserted the Leavitt Opera Company and joined a travelling troupe addicted to *Pinafore* and *Fatinitza*. *La Fille du Tambour Major*, however, has been given here extremely well by Mr Maurice Grau's French company, including Mdlles Paola Marie and Mary Albert, Messrs Nigri and Duplan; but it has failed to draw, and the French company, after a poor season of six weeks, during which *Le Petit Duc* has proved to be the best card, will leave for Havana (Cuba) in the next fortnight.

Coming to more serious matters, Mr Mapleson gave his first performance of the present American season last night, with Mme Gerster as Lucia, Ravelli as Edgardo, and Galassi as Ashton. The crowd was immense, the receipts amounting to £1,200. Arditi had a fair orchestra of sixty-five men, but the chorus managed to go astray now and then, even in that best known and simplest of works, *Lucia*. Mme Gerster has, we think, improved since her first season here; there were ugly rumours floating around about a London failure last summer, but partly they were counteracted by Mapleson's assurances, that she had sung when ill to oblige him, and would now, after months of complete rest, be found her old self again and more. The sentiment in Mme Gerster's favour was overwhelming last night; in fact, her welcome was so boisterously affectionate that she was somewhat disconcerted until the "*quando rapido*" was reached when she out-

did herself. In the sextet she held her place well, and in the "mad scene" the house shouted its delight. The critics say this morning that she has gained rather than lost since her first appearance here; her voice is fuller, more under her control, and her *mezzo-voce* singing has developed a velvety softness, which it lacked formerly. No one of the New York critics classes Gerster with Nilsson, but as a light soprano she is the best that we have had yet. Ravelli had a *succès d'estime*. Our public has become so accustomed to Campanini's fiery acting as Edgardo that Ravelli's calmness was set down as coldness; nevertheless, he was greatly applauded for one or two fine notes, and his manly bearing pleased the house. To-night, Miss Cary, the American contralto, will appear in *La Favorita* with Campanini as Fernando. Novaro, a new basso, is to appear on Friday in *Faust*. Mapleson has never yet given us a basso worthy of the name; Behrens, whom he brought last year, not being accepted in the place of the Frenchman, Janet, who for several years sang bass parts in our Academy of Music. Belocca is ready for *Carmen* next week, with Valleria, Campanini, and Del Puente. Of the dramatic *prima donna*, no one knows anything but the name—Mdlle Gianoli; rumour says that Mapleson puts but little faith in her.

Mefistofele is to be the mainstay of the season when interest begins to flag; Valleria is hard at work on the music of *Margherita*; Campanini and Novara being ready at any moment. Belocca will take the small contralto part. Our New York season of Italian opera ends at Christmas, when Mapleson will take his company to Boston, Chicago, St Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, getting back here for a six weeks' season in March and April. In Cincinnati he has sold the services of the whole company for one week to the Cincinnati College of Music, who will give a week of opera in their music-hall, one of the finest in the country. *Lohengrin*, *Fidelio*, *The Magic Flute*, *Moses in Egypt*, and *Mefistofele* will be the operas. Mapleson gets £2,500, and has nothing to do with the receipts. Arditi will conduct, the orchestra being increased to eighty musicians by accessions from Cincinnati's forces, and the chorus of the College of Music, 300 in number, joining Mapleson's. Cincinnati was one of the places where Mapleson lost money last year, so that he is only too glad to effect this arrangement.

Strakosch has retired from the field of Italian opera, leaving Mapleson in possession. He is not, however, disheartened, but intent on English opera on a grand scale. Marie Roze is here studying hard on English versions of *Carmen*, *Aida*, and *Mefistofele*. Byron, an English tenor, who has been in Italy for the last ten years, will also belong to Strakosch, and Miss Kellogg may, perhaps, join before the season is over. As to the opera of the future, the foundations are now being laid for a fine house which will do credit to New York, the understanding being that Gye will occupy it in 1882. Vanderbilt is said to have effected some such arrangement.

Pianists swarm just now, apparently, for we have a dozen or more here with employment for half that number. Joseffy leads the small army, followed by Franz Rummel, Sternberg (a young Russian who has made a dismal failure*), Siebling, Mills, Hoffman, Carreño, Oliver King, "pianist to the Princess Louise," and so forth. Wilhelmj is still here giving concerts. Remenyi has disappeared in the wilds of the west.

We are getting ready to greet Bernhardt with a discussion (as superficial as they are noisy.—Dr Blinge) which promises to dwarf everything but politics. Our puritan press has sounded the first notes, and Moody and Sankey, the strolling evangelists, are getting ready for a battle with Sarah Bernhardt or the devil; the two are synonymous according to these good (goody-shoe) men.

HAWRY.

New York, Oct. 19, 1880.

[*Notwithstanding the ceaseless and enormous puffs?—Dr Blinge.]

PARIS.—*Le Comte Ory*, the only comic opera composed by Rossini for the French stage, was revived at the Académie de Musique on Saturday night with great success. The music, written in 1828, is so full of melody that it charmed all whose taste has not been spoiled by the screaming of these latter days. The principal parts were sung by Mdlles Daram and Janvier, Messrs Dereims and Melchisedec. The two scenes are worthy the reputation of the Grand Opera,

GLOBE THEATRE.

Even French dramatists are not always careful to make known whence they derive materials for "new and original" works. When, therefore, MM. Prével and Fevrier put their names to the libretto of a comic opera brought out at the Bouffes in March last, under the title *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, few were surprised to find no reference whatever to a vaudeville, *L'Habit ne fait pas le Moine*, produced by MM. Paul Duport and Saint-Hilaire in 1835. Yet the comic opera is a very obvious adaptation of the vaudeville, and does not possess even the merit of originality as, in a stricter sense, a drama for music. Hardly was *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* in the first flush of success before the librettists were waited on by Mme Pauline Boutin, granddaughter of Paul Duport, and shown the manuscript of a comic opera called *Les Béguines de Bruges*. This work, as the astonished colleagues soon discovered, was, like their own, *L'Habit ne fait pas le Moine*, with a change of place and name. M. Duport, it appears, found no composer willing to accept his libretto, and no manager disposed to take it in hand. To this accident MM. Prével and Fevrier owed the privilege of producing *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, and it is satisfactory to add that the heirs of the men who wrote the original vaudeville are now receiving a share of the gain accruing from the opera. M. Louis Varney, the musical colleague of MM. Prével and Fevrier, bears no unknown name, although this is his first attempt at composition for the lyric stage. In some repute himself as the author of songs for café concerts and music-halls, his best recommendation to a higher function arose, perhaps, from the fact that he was the son of his father—that father being the M. Alphonse Varney who acted as Offenbach's *chef d'orchestre* at the Bouffes, and became his successor in the management of the little theatre. Like M. Audran, composer of *Les Noces de Violette*, the younger Varney sprang, therefore, from a musical stock, and assuredly his maiden effort was at no disadvantage on the stage of the Bouffes because the operettas of Varney the elder had once flourished there. It appears, however, that entire responsibility for the music of *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* does not rest upon M. Louis Varney. M. Mansour is said to have had a hand in the work, and he enjoys the credit of writing much of the third act, some critics even affecting to recognize the change of style. Assuming the truth of this report, we have in *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* the product of six brains—to wit, the brains of MM. Duport and St Hilaire, the vaudevillists; of MM. Prével and Fevrier, the librettists; and of MM. Varney and Mansour, the musicians. To these, as regards the English version produced on Saturday night, must be added the cerebral organizations of Mr Henry Farnie, the adapter, and M. Planchette, author of a romance introduced into the last act. Shakespeare speaks somewhere of a "three-man beetle." Using the same locution, *Les Mousquetaires* at the Globe may be described as an eight-man opera. But six men were enough for good fortune in Paris. At first the work met with a doubtful reception, notwithstanding the efforts of M. Achard in the leading rôle. But this phase of its fortune soon passed away. *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent* ran triumphantly through the season; was taken by the Bouffes Company to Brussels in the summer, and returned home in September to enter upon a new lease of favour with M. Morlet—removed from the Opéra-Comique—in the place of M. Achard, and with the attraction of two new airs written expressly for him by M. Varney.

In preparing the work for our stage, Mr Henry Farnie compressed the original three acts into two, and it is almost superfluous to state that, while the story remains substantially unaltered, the dialogue has been freely adapted to English tastes. Mr Farnie may now be taken on trust as regards the dialogue of a comic opera. Large and long experience has taught him exactly what the public require in the way of diversion from music, and he raises laughter none the less easily because audiences, knowing this, come prepared to laugh. There are very few dull moments in the "spoken" parts of *Les Mousquetaires*; while even these seem artfully introduced, that some bold quip or other may call forth a heartier peal of mirth. The story of the opera is rather more crowded than usual with details, but its main thread can easily be traced, and will not take long to follow out. Of two officers in command of a corps of Red Mousquetaires stationed near La Rochelle, one, Gontran de Solanges, is in love with Marie de Pontcourley, niece of the Governor, and a prospective member of a neighbouring community of Ursulines. His friend and comrade, Brissac, on learning the cause of his melancholy, and on hearing that Gontran's love is returned, proposes that they two shall, by some means or other, enter the convent, as soon as Marie becomes an inmate, and carry her off by stratagem or force. Gontran agrees to this, and when two mendicant friars appear on the scene the idea of appropriating their habits at once occurs. Disguised as monks, Gontran and Brissac easily obtain admittance to the convent, where the latter sees and falls in love with Marie's sister, Louise. They

play their parts so badly, however—Brissac getting drunk on the convent wine—that their identity is discovered, and awkward results are likely to follow, when the Governor enters with a guard, searching for the mendicants, who are really disguised assassins bent upon the murder of the Cardinal. On learning that the wearers of the sacerdotal attire are loyal if reckless soldiers, and that the actual villains are under arrest at the inn where they were disrobed, the Governor pardons the escapade of the two friends, and consents to their marriage with his nieces. The main lines of this story are undoubtedly familiar, and especially has a convent stormed or undermined by love been utilized over and over again. It is to incidental matter, therefore, that we must look for interest, nor do we look in vain, above all, to the second act, which takes place within the convent. A school-room scene, suggestive, by the way, of that in "Le Petit Duc," is exceedingly bright, animated, and amusing; so are the continual lapses into ordinary speech and manner of the pretended friars; so is the interview between Louise and Brissac, whereto the soldier throws away his disguise and woos her whom he came to confess; and so is, in the broadest possible sense, the address of the drunken officer to the assembled school-girls, who hear with equal astonishment and delight that love is their chief business, and the trysting-tree their goal. Exception may possibly be taken to the use made of phrases and things which many hold sacred, and on Saturday there were some expressions of dissatisfaction with the convent scenes. But it is rather late in the day to cry down subjects from which not only the dramatist, but the painter, the poet, and the novelist long ago extracted fun; and it should be remembered that, in this case, those who put religious things to a ridiculous use are, without exception, mere masqueraders in a religious garb.

The music should, of course, be judged by the standard applicable to works of the kind, and, so regarded, it presents various points of excellence. M. Varney has a decided and, in some respects, a distinct vein of melody. He is not, it is true, wholly free from the reminiscences which are certain to obtrude themselves upon a young composer fresh from the study of his favourite models. But, although we are here and there reminded of one and another among M. Varney's predecessors, the music as a whole is sufficiently new to claim the merit of comparative originality. It is, moreover, apt in expression, and follows the drama from gravity to fun with perfect ease, generally with entire success. M. Varney shows, further, that he well knows how to handle an orchestra so as to make the most of its resources, not for the production of noise so much as for varied and artistic effects. Much of the scoring is distinguished by a refinement of taste and delicacy of touch that cannot fail to charm. In point of fact, we have here a composer undoubtedly qualified for the career upon which he has entered, and one to whom, as a matter both of justice and of courtesy, we should look for good things in time to come. Among the numbers worthy of mention in the first act are an air, with "rattaplan" chorus, "The Grey Musketeers"; an effective song for Brissac (baritone), "A Woman and a Sword"; and a trio, "Own up," which is brimful of humour and point. Mention is also deserved by a vivacious rustic ditty, "Should Robin at my window tap," sung by Simone (soprano), a servant at the village inn, and a clever burlesque of the stage prayer, given in chorus as the mendicant friars appear. This last is a really effective bit of music—effective, we mean, from a higher point of view than that to be taken with regard to the bulk of the opera. In the second act a charming romance for Mario (soprano), "By night, by day, a dream of beauty," attracts admiring notice, as does, for equally good if not better reasons, a concerted piece, "Ah! draw near to me, timid maiden." Worthily associated with these pretty effusions is the interpolated romance already mentioned as by M. Planchette. To words descriptive of a swallow bearing a message of devotion from an imprisoned lover to his mistress, M. Planchette has set music nothing short of beautiful, and as long as the opera runs this romance will be one of its main supports. M. Varney follows on with another romance, for Gontran (tenor), "My dream of love," and the work ends with a *finale* full of spirit. To sum up, the musical interest of *Les Mousquetaires* rarely flags, and the composer, being sufficiently an artist, never has to fall back upon mere noise or vulgarity. We welcome M. Varney, and wish him "long continuance and increasing."

The performance was, for a first night, one of much merit. Mr Henderson has mounted the work with taste and liberality, the scene of the convent school being especially admirable, while great praise is due to Mrs Johnson, the chorus mistress, for the generally efficient manner in which the important music of the school-girls was sung. In this there are many short solo passages, not one of which came to grief. Mlle Sylvia, suffering from cold, could hardly do that justice to the part of Marie which is within her unimpaired means; but Miss Alice May, as Simone, sang as well as ever, and played with unflagging spirit. Miss Elsie Moore admirably

represented the inquisitive Louise; and Miss Maria Davis, as the Superiress, acted with a propriety that elevated her small part to a conspicuous place. Mr Harry Paulton, in the character of an Abbé, balanced between friendship and duty, and swaying over to the side of friendship, found abundant opportunity of showing that he can be something more than a low comedian. His acting in a scene where the Abbé seeks to make Marie renounce her love was full of quiet power and true feeling. Gontran had a musically efficient representative in Mr H. Bracey; and Mr F. H. Celli, as Brissac, worked throughout the opera with no less skill than assiduity. His embodiment of the character wanted finesse, perhaps, but its breadth and vigour well suited the audience, who applauded and encored both Mr Celli's songs with enthusiasm. Upon this artist falls the main burden of the work, and he is certainly equal to its weight. With a word for the merit of the orchestra, under Mr Hiller's direction, we need only add that *Les Mousquetaires* met with high approval, and bids fair to hold its place for some time to come.—

D. T.

OFFENBACH'S LAST OPERA.

Belle Lurette, the opéra comique on which Offenbach was employed during all the summer months that he was staying at Saint Germain wrestling with the malady that carried him off but a few weeks ago, was produced on Friday night, October 29th, at the Renaissance with extraordinary success. The story is extremely simple, but well adapted for comic musical treatment. The Duc de Marly, being compelled to marry within a certain time, sends out his *intendant* to choose the first bride he meets, and his choice falls upon one Lurette, a washerwoman, who has nothing in common with the heroine of the *Assommoir*. The marriage is duly solemnized, but the bride is so hurt at being left by the Duke on her wedding night that she leaves his palace and joins her former comrades at a ball held at the river-side. Here she is enabled to save her husband from a danger with which he is threatened, and he, in gratitude, acknowledges her as his wife. This is all; but there is a comic under-plot, in which diminutive Mlle Mily Meyer proves herself an actress of really gigantic talent, and M. Jolly a comedian of considerable natural drollery; while soldiers, grands seigneurs, and washerwomen, all in Louis Quinze costumes of singularly picturesque character, vivify every scene with plenty of movement and colour. Mlle Jane Hading's voice is, unfortunately, thin and weak, but she does her utmost to make up for this deficiency by archness of manner, and M. Vauthier is full voiced and artistic as usual. The music is bright, sparkling, and tuneful from beginning to end, and, in listening to the long succession of laughing melodies, it is difficult, indeed, to realize that they were penned in the intervals of a death-agony. Piece after piece was encored again and again; but, in spite of their enjoyment, all present sympathised with the actor who, when naming the composer on the fall of the curtain, was overcome by his emotion. Another excitement had just been caused by a portion of the scenery catching fire in the last act. It was promptly extinguished by one of the *pompieri*, but the audience behaved with admirable sangfroid, most of the ladies even remaining quietly in their seats. The opera has been put on the stage by M. Koning with really exceptional splendour, and no pains had been spared by him to do justice to the dead *maestro's* very last work.—(Paris Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph.")

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4th:—

Overture for the Organ, in F minor	...	G. Morandi.
Air of the Page, "No caso igual," (Les Huguenots)	...	Meyerbeer.
Pastorale, in C major	...	LeFebvre Wely.
Prelude and Fugue, in E minor	...	Bach.
Andante, in E flat major	...	S. S. Wesley.
Ronde Militaire, Jeanne d'Arc	...	C. Gomod.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 6th:—

Fantasia in the style of Bach, in F minor	...	Mozart.
Romanse sans paroles, pour l'Orgue	...	Alex. Guilmant.
Prelude on the chorale, "O Lamm Gottes"	...	Bach.
Minuetto and finale from the Symphony in D major	...	Haydn.
Romanza, "For me the clouds of sorrow"	...	Spohr.
Finale, Allegro gioioso, in G major	...	W. T. Best.

Baron Hofmann, Intendant-General of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is now in Pesth, where he intends stopping some time.

MARIE VANZANDT IN PARIS.*

RENTREE DE Mlle VANZANDT.—On n'a pas oublié le grand succès qu'on fit à Mlle Vanzandt lors de ses débuts dans *Mignon*, à l'Opéra-Comique. C'était vers la fin de la saison théâtrale; il commençait à faire chaud; les débuts de la nouvelle *Mignon* n'avaient été préparés par aucune réclame, et cependant ils firent sensation à tel point, que les recettes de cette reprise, sur laquelle on comptait à peine, furent considérables. Seulement des engagements antérieurs forcèrent Mlle Vanzandt à quitter Paris au bout de fort peu de temps. La jeune chanteuse nous revient aujourd'hui après un voyage triomphal à Londres et à Copenhague.

Mlle Vanzandt a été accueillie comme une véritable diva, dont le retour était attendu avec impatience. C'est au bruit d'applaudissements frénétiques qu'elle a fait son entrée et qu'elle est descendue de sa voiture de bohémienne. Quoiqu'un peu grande, la nouvelle *Mignon* réalise, d'une façon saisissante, le type de Goethe, tel que l'a fixé Ary Scheffer. Sa physionomie, son allure, ses moindres gestes, son regard à la fois vif et profond, tout en elle contribue à l'illusion vraiment complète qui s'empare des spectateurs, et je crois pouvoir affirmer—sans nuire en rien à sa jeune réputation de chanteuse et de comédienne—que cette étonnante personification d'un type immortel, est la cause déterminante de son rapide succès.

La jeune cantatrice—elle n'a pas dix-neuf ans—a reçu, me dit-on, les excellentes leçons d'une chanteuse de grand talent, qui n'est autre que sa mère, dont la carrière, extrêmement brillante, s'est surtout déroulée en Amérique. Mme Vanzandt est encore, d'ailleurs, dans toute la force de l'âge et du talent, bien qu'elle ait quitté le théâtre. A première vue, on la prendrait plutôt pour la sœur aînée de sa fille. Si jeune que soit cette dernière, son existence est déjà remarquablement remplie. Mlle Vanzandt a non-seulement pioché à fond le chant et la musique, mais encore un certain nombre de langues étrangères. Elle peut également parler et chanter en hollandais, en français, en anglais, en allemand, et en italien.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The winter season at the Salle Monsigny commenced on Oct. 2, and since then various dramas, vaudevilles, operettas, operas, &c., have drawn average audiences. The operetta, *La Femme à Papa*, music by Hervé; *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, opéra comique, by Louis Varney; and two operas bouffes, *Le Joueur de Flûte* and *Les Chevaliers de la Table ronde* (Hervé), were the newest pieces introduced. A *pièce nouvelle* from the Gymnase, announced as an "immense success" (but which I am told was not so when produced there last spring), by name *Nou-nou*, has also been played once. The other operatic pieces consisted of *Les Brigands* and *La Timbale d'Argent*; the dramas and comedies of *Les deux Orphelines*, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, and various laughable vaudevilles of the Palais Royal style, such as *La Perruque*, *Bataille de Dames*, *Les deux Veuses*. Sundays and fête days have attracted audiences to witness performances of "grand spectacle" with the "awful" names, *Jeanne la mandite*, *Le Bourreau des Crânes*, *La Chambre ardente*, &c.

I must not forget to mention the performance of *Miss Multon*, a vaudeville in three acts, in which Mlle Blanchard, an actress new to the Boulonnais, played with great success. Of the artists engaged for the winter season, by M. Champagne, I would notice specially Mmes Crause, B. Ollivier (wonderfully good as "Nou-Nou," and as wonderfully bad as the Duchesse Totoche, in *Les Chevaliers de la Table ronde*), MM. Sylvan, Villars, Dermier, Laforest, and Dumay. All is going on very quietly at "Boulogne the gay, Boulogne the gullible," just now. There are no concerts, nothing but the theatre. The wind is "East," and seems as if it would continue to be so till it's "Easter."

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Nov. 3, 1880.

LEIPZIG.—A new Violin Concerto by Frits Gernsheim was performed, for the first time, at the third Gewandhaus Concert, on the 21st ult., but found little favour, though splendidly executed by Herr Jean Becker, who was warmly applauded—the plaudits, however, being meant for him and not for the composition. Herr Hugo Becker, his young son, gave Gruttmacher's "Hungarian Fantasia for Violoncello" in a manner that promised well for his future career.

* From *La Soirée Théâtrale*.

JOHN BARNETT AT COTTESWOLD.

(From the "World.")

The quick sequence of the Gloucester Musical Festival by that at Leeds, one of whose chief features will be Mr Arthur Sullivan's cantata, gives a special retrospective interest to the veteran composer, whose name has been for years familiar in every English household. Mr John Barnett is now "old, and a mine of memories," and looks less than fifty. He is, in fact, just two years younger than the century. His vivacious brown eyes have lost little of the sparkle of youth, and their is something of a sense of anachronism in the mind of the listener as this brilliant and high-spirited young fellow talks intimately of people who were famous when the fathers of many of us were boys. Louis Goldsmith, private secretary to Napoleon the Great, author of *Crimes of Cabinets*, some time editor of the *Gallican*, and afterwards editor of the *Anti-Gallican*—quite a shadow now-a-days; the composer remembers him, and telling how he sang at his house, incidentally calls to mind the fact that he lived next door to the celebrated actress, Mrs Davison, the mother of a son since distinguished in the world of music. In the year 1812 he played with Fanny Kelly in a musical piece called *The Shipwreck*. He was one of the solo witches in the incantation scenes, when Edmund Kean made his first appearance as Macbeth at old Drury. He must have been a born actor; for he tells, as over an after-dinner cigar he calls these memories to mind, that when his father took him to the Lyceum Theatre, that Arnold the manager might hear him sing, he felt an indescribable delight at standing on a real stage and behind real footlights. But his first public appearance as a vocalist was made at school, and he relates the story with great zest and humour. He was scarcely six years of age; but we know, from contemporary criticisms, that he had a voice the like of which it seems no child was ever gifted with before. He found out naturally enough that this wonderful organ pleased people; and in any childish scrape it was his habit to strike up a song, and to soothe the savage breast of an intending avenger of the proprieties by music. But it chanced that at the age of six he was sent to school under a Mr Cawte. Relying on his voice and its power to charm away all angers, he was too unruly for the schoolmaster's forbearance, and the edict went forth that Master Barnett should be horsed. Master Barnett, not dreading the position at all, set up his beautiful contralto voice, and sang the "Bay of Biscay." Schoolmaster Cawte, regarding this as an incredible display of bravado, waited sardonically for the last note of the burden of the fine old nautical ditty, and under the impulsion of the ruler the young musician yelled the final 'O!' with more than the vigour and passion of Rubini. Not long after this he made an unexpected appearance before a larger audience, and a more friendly one. Taken by his father to Drury Lane to hear Braham in *Polly* (the long-since moribund successor to *The Beggar's Opera*), he was disappointed by the trivial nature of the airs sung by the great tenor. Some friendly person, interested probably by the lad's face, turned round and asked him, "Well, my little man, what do you think of Braham?" "I think," the little man answered, "I could sing as well myself," and straightway struck up where he stood on the seat in the pit, and sang "Robin Adair." The house was dead silent whilst he sang, and called wildly for a repetition of the song when he had finished it. Master Barnett's father was half ashamed and half proud of this curious outbreak of baby-genius, but it made him resolve to train the boy as a musician. Once afloat on this tide of remembrances, the composer recalls, across a lapse of five-and-sixty years, the figure of Robert William Elliston, then manager of the Birmingham Theatre Royal, little known to fame, and so far immortalised by gentle Elia, who gave him lasting life thereafter. Barnett sang at the theatre of the man of whims, and met here and there many people now historical, but as dead as Cheops. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield introduced him to the Regent, and the boy and his Royal Highness played duets together—"George the Magnificent" scraping the cello, and the young musician accompanying him on the piano. He sang often at the Royal concerts at Brandenburg House, when the Margravina of Hansbach lived there. But at the age of fifteen he lost his voice, and with it his too-precocious fame.

Devoting himself earnestly to the study of music, he took lessons under Dr Horsley, and afterwards under Kalkbrenner, coming finally under the hands of Beethoven's favourite pupil, Ferdinand Ries. Falling in with Harry Stowe van Dyk—who was afterwards counted a charming lyric-writer, but was then unknown—he set some words of his to music, and offered the "Light Guitar" to the publishers. He got two guineas for it, and it lay for years unpublished, until by some chance Mme Vestris got hold of it, and it was sung at the Haymarket. Up to that time nobody in England had seemed to see that there was any reason in the world for setting a Swiss a Spanish, a Russian, or a Turkish subject to anything but English music, and

Barnett was the first to attempt to characterize the nationality of a song by the music as well as by the words. Once out, the song achieved an extraordinary popularity; the publisher cleared £2,000 by it, and a business house was saved from impending bankruptcy. There was but little gratitude in the publisher's soul, however; for when the composer came to him with another song—Wolfe's famous poem on the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna—it was first declined on the ground that it was "too classical"; and when finally published at the composer's risk, its immense success prompted the man of business to declare that it had been bought on the same terms as the "Light Guitar." Barnett proceeded against him, and established his rights. He had no difficulty afterwards in finding another publisher.

The real business of the composer's life had small beginnings. A musical farce, the words of which were written by Dick Peake, was his first essay in dramatic music. There are still some old playgoers extant who can remember the exquisite fun the elder Mathews got out of the part of a valet who strove to treble his own personality and engaged himself to three masters. The piece was called *Before Breakfast*, and made a great hit; the *Two Seconds* followed it. This was in part a satire on Townsend, the runner, who was a favourite of Royalty, and brought in a posse of friends to damn the play after the vigorous fashion of the time. Next, in conjunction with Thomas Moncrieff, author of *The Cataract of the Ganges* and *Tom and Jerry*, Barnett produced at the Adelphi, then under the management of Mr Yates, a *mélange* of incident and music, called *Monsieur Mallet*, in which Buckstone and the elder Mathews appeared. "I heard one of the airs the other day on a barrel-organ," says the composer, laughing. "It is a nigger melody now, and somebody has written new words to it and given it a new name." The music to Planché's *Charles XII.* made an enormous hit, and "Rise, gentle moon" was perhaps the most popular song up to that time written by an English composer. Mrs German Reed, then Miss Horton, quite a little girl, played fairy queen in *Harlequin Pat* at Covent Garden. Charles Kemble was manager, and engaged Barnett to write an opera, to be called the *Carnival of Naples*, whereby hangs a tale. The librettist was a Mr Dimond, of Bath, an eccentric gentleman, who upset ordinary notions of opera-production by declining to write the words until the music was written. Barnett, after some demur, fell into the humour of this strange proposal, wrote the music, and then sent off to the librettist a lot of nonsense verses, in which he gave the measure of the various airs. When the real verses arrived, Bartley, the stage-manager, read them through with great gusto in the green-room before the assembled actors and actresses. By some odd chance one of the nonsense verses was included, and the stage-manager read in solemn sonorous voice:

"Gaily glides the moon
Amid refulgent day."

Ward, who was engaged in the opera, shook his head with great gravity at the conclusion of the poem, and said, "Ah, there's no mistaking Dimond's style." Sir George Smart laughed outright, and sonorous Bartley and critical Ward were abashed at the discovery of the blunder. *The Pet of the Petticoats*, which followed, had an enormous run, and drew all the theatrical and musical world to Sadler's Wells. A musical adaptation of the old comedy, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, was written in great haste, and was a failure. It was remarkable as having elicited one of the most curious criticisms in the annals of music. The composer had no time to write an overture, and the people of the theatre selected Weber's *Ruler of the Spirits*, then unknown in England. The *Morning Post* declared that "the worst part of the opera was the overture, which was only applauded out of compliment to Mr Barnett for the many pretty songs he had given to the public." After this reverse came the work in which the composer first gave his genius full play. *The Mountain Sylph* was a revelation to English musicians, as, amongst others, Balfe and Wallace proved, by the rapidity with which they followed the lead it set them. It was the first of English operas.* Until its appearance, what was called an opera in English was a drama with musical interludes. Macready, for instance, used to play the principal part in *The Slave*, and Abbot was the chief performer in *Guy Rannering*. At the time at which *The Mountain Sylph* was produced, the English Operahouse was on the verge of ruin. The musician himself drilled the chorus-singers, and taught them to act in place of standing in rows upon the stage. This innovation was made in spite of the opposition of the stage-manager, but it added greatly to the success of the work. Had it not been for Henry Phillips the opera would not have been performed; for Arnold, the manager of the Lyceum at that time,

* This is an error. The first work produced at the "English Opera House" was Edward Loder's *Nourjahad*.—Dr Bitog.

wished to bring out that "Story of the Broken Spear," which afterwards found Barham the material for one of the most catching of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. The composer's fame was established; the opera ran two seasons; but he never received a penny for its production. Arnold applied to him for another work, and he began *Fair Rosamund*, but had the audacity to ask for terms. The manager was indignant at the thought, and wrote back in a tone of angry remonstrance. Pay an English composer for performing his work? Incredible! The composer should consider himself well paid by having his work brought effectively before the public. Then came a scandal. Arnold set paragraphs afloat in which Barnett was attacked for leaving the theatre in the lurch. The musician wrote an explanatory letter to the *Times*. Arnold answered, denying that he had ever refused to pay an English composer; but Sir Henry Bishop closed the discussion by a letter, in which he stated that the manager had broken off negotiations with him because he had asked for payment for a work.

Turning from these curious experiences, it is pleasant to learn of the old days in Paris, when Thackeray was a young student in the atelier of Collingnon, and he and Henry Mayhew and Douglas Jerrold and Barnett were friends together. Thackeray's teacher told the composer that the young Englishman would not make an artist, a question about which, perhaps, there may still be two opinions. The veteran tells, with contagious high spirits, how Jerrold, who was but an indifferent Frenchman, would take upon himself the conversational duties of the party, and how, on one special occasion, when the great wit was in search of apartments, the owner of one set under consideration gave him up in sheer despair with a reiterated "Je ne comprends pas, m'sieu," in spite of which Jerrold struggled gaily on, until his companion came to the rescue. One day a graver incident befell. The composer was in the streets when poor Louis Philippe was driving along, and Fieschi threw his infernal machine at the Sovereign. A woman standing next to Barnett was badly wounded by the explosion. Thackeray and he breakfasted together next morning, and the two improvised a song on the occasion. It was published, and author and composer received the "Ribbon rouge." Of the brilliant band of artistic and literary Englishmen then quartered in Paris, the young-old man who chats so pleasantly above his glass of wine and his cigar is the only one left alive. He brought Mayhew and Thackeray together and made them friends. He was in at the birth of *Punch*, whose first inception as we know him now was in Paris. John Barnett stands with his right foot in one hemisphere of time, and his left in another.

Fair Rosamund was produced at Drury Lane in 1837, and ran for fifty nights. *Farinelli* was produced at the same theatre in 1839; but Michael Balfe, to whom the hero's part was entrusted, unaccountably broke down. In spite of this unlucky circumstance, the opera was a success, and ran for fifty or sixty nights. *Kathleen*, the last opera from Barnett's hand, has never been performed. It was in rehearsal at one time for St James's Theatre, of which the composer was for some time proprietor. But suddenly he retired from the world, and settled himself near Cheltenham, where he built for himself a pleasant house on the slope of the Leckhampton Hills, and where he has since lived in calm seclusion. He has given nothing to the world for many years, and it does not seem probable that during his lifetime he will permit his latest opera to be performed. He founded a school of opera essentially and distinctly national, and had not only the courage to conceive his scheme, but the skill to carry into effect his own ambitions for English music. If others have reaped more than he of the fruits of his labours, the bitterness which once arose from that knowledge have long since disappeared from his life. He stands in the very first rank of English musicians; and though the world may regret his long artistic silence, that is only because it has accorded him the place in its esteem which it once wrongfully denied him.

VIENNA.—*Dinorah* was performed, for the first time this season, at the Imperial Operahouse, on the 21st ult., with Mlle Bianchi as the heroine. Three days later, *Aida* was given at the express wish of the ex-Khedive, Ismael Pasha, who, as is well known, commissioned Verdi to compose it, and was anxious to see how it was put upon the stage and performed here. Signor Ciampi will shortly appear as the Marquis in *Linda*, and Dulcamara in *L'Elisir*, singing on both occasions in Italian, which, out of courtesy to him, will be the language employed by Mlles Bianchi, Stahl, and Herr Walther.—As already announced in the *Musical World*, Mlle Bianchi has been created an Imperial Austrian Chamber Singer, a rare distinction for a fair artist after an engagement of only six months. The other ladies bearing the title at present are Mmes Dastmann, Artôt-Padilla, Gomperz-Bettelheim, Adelina Patti, Friedrich-Materna, Pauline Lucca, and Christine Nilsson.

DR SPARK'S LIFE AND WORKS OF HENRY SMART.*

(From the "Yorkshire Post.")

In his preface to this very interesting memoir, Dr William Spark, organist to the Town Hall, Leeds, says:—

"It is no mock modesty on my part, but the mere statement of a fact, that shortly after Henry Smart's death, when I found the materials likely to warrant such an undertaking to be of the most meagre description, I desired to retire from the task, feeling my utter inability to produce a biography worthy of acceptance by those—and their name is legion—who regard Henry Smart to be one of the world's musical heroes. He kept no diary, no record of anything. Not a single letter could be placed at my disposal by any of his numerous relations, and I had, therefore, to rely solely upon what information the latter could give me, on the assistance of two or three mutual friends of Smart's and my own, and on my long intimacy with him, which extended over thirty years. My misgivings as to the success of a work from my hand under such circumstances were combated by those who felt interested in the production, and I was at last encouraged and emboldened to take the final plunge, which has resulted in the appearance of the following pages."

The task the author undertook was certainly in one sense a very difficult one, but in another a very easy one. The quiet, unobtrusive, and industrious career of a man like Henry Smart could afford only scanty materials for a biographical detail; but his works have afforded an ample supply for criticism and explanation. This part of the book, more especially, everyone knowing the Doctor—and we suppose few professional men are better known or more justly appreciated—would expect to be well done, and we are warranted in saying that that expectation has been fully met. We are not to be understood in thus speaking of the author's commentaries on the "works" of his subject as indicating that he has been less successful in the other parts of this memoir. The friends of Henry Smart did well to insist on imposing the labour of writing this book upon Dr Spark. The two men had been friends so many years, had been on such intimate terms, and in many matters had so many sympathies in common, that it could scarcely be supposed to be in the order and fitness of things had the work been done by any other writer. Locally, also, there is appropriateness in the Doctor's performance of the work, since, as most people know, the two men were so intimately associated in designing the organ in the Town Hall, an organ generally admitted to rank amongst the first, if not as the first, in Europe, and at which the author continues to preside with so much ability and power. The book could scarcely be considered complete had a reference to Smart's participation in that important work been omitted, and though the event is a matter of history, a recapitulation is neither out of place nor uninteresting. It is, as we have already intimated to the musical reader, and, we may add, to the admirers of Smart, whose name, to use a favourite phrase of the author's, is legion, that the volume is mainly addressed, and to such we heartily recommend its perusal and study.

* London: William Reeves.

TELL ME WHY?*

Gentle maiden, tell me why
Tears bedim thy hazel eye?
Ah! those tell-tale sighs reveal
Sorrow thou would'st fain conceal.

Tell me, hath thy tender heart
Felt the force of Cupid's dart?
Hath thy lover proved untrue?—
Cruel lovers sometimes do.

Hath some scandal reached thine ear,
Blighting all thy prospects dear?
Hath some rival fanned the flame
That brings dishonour on thy name?

* Copyright.

Nay, perchance, domestic grief
Preys upon thee like a thief,
Happy only as you roam
Farthest from your wretched home?

Tell me, do I rightly guess
What has caused thee such distress?
Have I touched the tender part?
Does it lie within thy heart?

Through her tears, with modest grace,
Straight she looked me in the face:
"Worse," she whispered, "ten times worse,
"Some one's robbed me of my purse!"

WETSTAR.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-THIRD SEASON, 1880-81.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE 21 EVENING CONCERTS will take place as follows:—

Monday, November 8, 1880; Monday, November 15; Monday, November 22; Monday, November 29; Monday, December 6; Monday, December 13; Monday, January 3, 1881; Monday, January 10; Monday, January 17; Monday, January 24; Monday, January 31; Monday, February 7; Monday, February 14; Monday, February 21; Monday, February 28; Monday, March 7; Monday, March 14; Monday, March 21; Monday, March 28; Monday, April 4; and Monday, April 11.

Subscription Tickets will be issued for the whole Series of 21 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, Nov. 8, to April 11; price £5 5s. for each Sofa Stall.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follows:—

Saturday, November 13, 1880; Saturday, November 20; Saturday, November 27; Saturday, December 4; Saturday, December 11; Saturday, December 18; Saturday, January 8, 1881; Saturday, January 15; Saturday, January 22; Saturday, January 29; Saturday, February 5; Saturday, February 12; Saturday, February 19; Saturday, February 26; Saturday, March 5; Saturday, March 12; Saturday, March 19; Saturday, March 26; Saturday, April 2; Saturday, April 9.

Subscription Tickets are issued for the 20 Morning Concerts, extending from Saturday Afternoon, November 13, to April 9; price £5 for each Sofa Stall.

FIRST EVENING CONCERT,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Serenade, in E flat, for two oboes, two clarionets, two horns, and two bassoons, first time (Mozart)—M.M. Dubrucq, Horton, Lazarus, Egerton, Mann, Standen, Wotton, and Haveron; Air, "Ach, ich, liebe" (Mozart)—Mme Koch-Bossenheimer; Andante with Variations, in E flat, for pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn)—Mdl'e Janotha.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Locatelli)—Signor Piatti; Songs, "Es blüht der Thau" (Rubinstein) and "Das Veilchen" (Mozart)—Mme Koch-Bossenheimer; Trio, in B flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdl'e Janotha, M.M. Lazarus and Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbin.

FIRST AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1880,

At Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in A major, Op. 44, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—M.M. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbin, and Piatti; Song (Gounod)—Mme Antoinette Sterling; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdl'e Janotha; Song, "Thou art weary" (Sullivan)—Mme Antoinette Sterling; Sonata, in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mdl'e Janotha and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr Zerbin.

MDME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectuses of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

OPENING OF THE NEW OPERAHOUSE AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.*

The opening of the New Operahouse yesterday, the 20th October, was preceded for some days by an unusual liveliness in the town; visitors flocked in, the streets to the west of the new Zeildurchbruch put on a holiday garb, and—dealers in tickets drove a flourishing trade. The busiest scene, however, was that in the neighbourhood of the Operahouse itself, where countless hands were employed nearly day and night to complete the work, and impart to its surroundings a festal character befitting the occasion.

* From Drexel's *Kleinen Chronik*.

Yesterday was an important day for Frankfort and German municipal history, for never yet, perhaps, have the arts combined to erect on German soil an abode like that which was then inaugurated.

At 3 o'clock, p.m., the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Prince Heinrich arrived at the Maine-Neckbar Station from Baden. After paying a visit to the Panorama and the Palm Garden they drove to the Imperial quarters where they dined. Meanwhile, the human masses were surging through the streets. The weather was mild and not unpropitious, though the sky was slightly overcast. About six o'clock, the concourse in the vicinity of the Operahouse assumed such proportions that, despite every precautionary measure, locomotion was stopped, and it was with difficulty that the Imperial suite succeeded in making their way through the throng.

The doors of the Operahouse had been opened at five o'clock, and the building began immediately to fill in all parts. It may be said, in the strictest acceptance of the words, that the public on their arrival were absolutely dazzled by the splendour which burst upon them; even those who had been present at the general rehearsal on Monday were obliged to admit that their expectations were exceeded. While on Monday the front of the house was wrapped in a sort of mystic half-gloom, anything but agreeable, the light, equally distributed in all directions, imparted yesterday evening a warm and cheerful tone to everything. The eye was, perhaps, somewhat disappointed with the large drop-scene, which as executed in colour did not carry out the promise of the sketch; the subject ("Prelude on the Stage" to Goethe's *Faust*) is rather strange, and we perceive spread over the design and the colouring a peculiar mediæval gloomy mistiness, which, as though belonging to another world, formed a weird-like contrast to the joyous assembly before it. It jarred strangely with the modern audience, the gentlemen with their black dress-coats and white kid-gloves, and the ladies in the richest evening dress. We must give up all idea of describing the latter, and this we may do without any qualms of conscience, as Ludwig Pietsch, whom we perceived busily taking notes, will thoroughly perform the duties of his office, and describe in all their nice gradations, down to the most inconceivable tints of flesh or tea-rose, the marvels of the toilets displayed. We can afford only a glance at the audience, and striking enough it looked: Intendants and managers from North, South, East, and West; authors, poets (we saw among others Bodenstedt), civil and military officials of high, and of the highest rank, uniforms of every known, and of some unknown patterns, decorations and orders, more varied than the most party-coloured palette—and all this from the stalls to the last place in the pit, and thence high up as far as the second and the third tier.

About a quarter to seven, the Emperor, accompanied by his suite, and guided by Dr Miquel, Chief Burgomaster, entered the middle balcony box, which was surmounted by a purple canopy and an Imperial crown. In the name of the Committee of Supervision, Herr Carl Metzler called on the public for a cheer, and, when this had been given, the performance began with the overture composed and conducted by Herr Goltermann, *Capellmeister*. The overture is an earnest composition, noble, dignified, finely constructed, and characterised by an uninterrupted flow of melody, which breathes an appropriate festal feeling and strikes moving and elevating chords in our breasts. It was immediately followed by Jordan's *Festival-Piece*.

This takes us to a high peak of the Taunus range. The background is completely enveloped in mist, and in the middle float dark strata of clouds. Germania and the Muse enter; the latter, brought down by her sister from the halls of the Walhalla, asks why it is to Germany she has been conducted. Germania replies that, instead of receiving a verbal answer, she shall see three pictures: a proud, a sacred, and a joyous one, which last will receive its real consecration from the other two. The Muse can hardly conceal her doubts:

"Ein heitres Bild, ein Fest für mich?
Du willst mich wohl verhöhn?
Wer fragt denn heute viel nach mir?
Dem Wahren, Guten, Schönen,
Das treue Jünger in den Flor
der Dichtung eingeschleiert,
Wird selten jetzt auf deutschem Grund
ein Weihetage gefeiert."

Nur das ist heut der Opferdienst
bei schwelgerischen Festen
Zu zeugend prunkend aufgehäuft
in weiten Glaspalästen
Was Menschen und Fleis vergam
seitdem sie die Giganten
Den Feur- und den Wassergeist
in Schlavenketten spannten,
Die stolzen Meister der Natur
die an der Federspitze
Entdeckten eine neue Welt
Und schreiben mit dem Blitze,
Durch Gotthards Urgraben die Bahn
Dem Feuerwagen bohren—:
Für mich, die Muse, haben sie
Zumeist nur taube Ohren,
Gepackt, gereizt sein wollen sie,
Das Grelleste hören, schauen,
Vor Lachen bersten—Gähnen weckt
wer wagt's sie zu erbauen."

Germania hardly needs to deprecate this depreciatory speech; she stretches her wand towards the dark clouds, and the latter divide, forming a framework for the Niederwald Monument, the colossal statue of Germany with her sword raised on high. The strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein" are heard in the orchestra. "A Statue raised in thy honour!" exclaims the Muse, and then enquires what the last decade has produced to fulfil her ideals. Not in vain, Germania answers, was the war-sword unsheathed; "It is true that the fruits of peace take long to ripen, but that men may still hope for them the second, the sacred, picture shall show." Cologne Cathedral, as completed, is then beheld in its frame of clouds; but the sight even of this does not suffice to pacify the Muse:

"Paläste baut man jeder Kunst,
dem Glauben solche Münster—
Nur Aschenbrödel Poesie—"

"No bitter words," says Germania, interrupting her and then continuing thus: "The completion of the Cathedral marks a great stride in the path leading to the objects of the Muse. All Germania helped to bring it about, thus putting the seal on religious peace. As long as Medusa shook her snake locks, the power of the Muse was half paralysed. Too many have lost what always helps man to attain mastery: the wish to realise ideal excellence. But that this still lives vigorously in the German Municipal system is proved by the third and joyous picture." This represents, brightly lighted up, the new Operahouse, while the band performs a movement from Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses." The Muse acknowledges that she indeed sees Goethe's birthplace and that the great poet's spirit, bringing a blessing with it, still hovers over the favoured spot. Where art and the liberality of the citizens have produced something so fine, she also will not be invoked in vain. With this, she leaves in company with Germania. The scene changes. Before us is a view of Frankfurt as seen from the Mühlberg; we behold the five bridges over the Main and the outline of the town with the Kaiserdom which Master Denziger is now bringing to artistic completion; in the background are the Taunus Mountains. The Muse enters with the mural crown and the heraldic eagle, as guardian goddess of the town where Goethe was born. With solemn greeting she turns to the princes before her, and then to the burghers, praising their love of art and public spirit:

"Ich kenn' Euch wohl. Nichthochgelahrt
noch jemals überschwänglich,
Doch herzensfrisch, voll Lebenslust
für echte Kunst empfänglich,
Durch Fleis und Glück behaglich frei
vom Druck der Lebensnöthe,
Hat Eure Art getreu bewahrt
die Frohnatur von Goethe."

The piece closes with an expression of thanks and a wish for the further development of a vigorous municipal system.

A poetic spirit breathes through Jordan's work, though he is true to his own peculiar style; but, despite all the eccentric rhymes and an over-tendency to exaggeration—the New Operahouse, for instance, is called a "joyous eye-jewel" and placed on a level with the works of Greek art—the piece flashes with thought and the diction flows on nobly and rhythmically. It was spoken

by Mad. Collot (Germania) and Mademoiselle Weisse (the Muse). While the former struck us as somewhat homely and tame, the latter exhibited an excess of pathos, but, to our mind, not of the right sort. Herr Zumpfe, *Capellmeister*, conducted the musical accompaniment.

Between the acts, the Emperor appeared in the box of the Landgrave of Hesse. The performance of *Don Juan* began about eight o'clock. The overture was given, under Herr Dessoff's direction, with much spirit, and, apart from two or three trifling defects, the performance itself went off in a satisfactory and well-rounded manner. Though Herr Beck does not exhibit personally the qualities characterising the elegant and dissipated Spanish cavalier as we are accustomed to picture him to ourselves, he got through the part, thanks to his sonorous voice, in a praiseworthy manner. As Donna Anna, Mad. Wilt found an opportunity of displaying to brilliant advantage her wonderful powers and her mastery of dramatic delivery. In the case of Mad. Moran-Olden, we could admire only her beautiful voice; she is too great a novice in art to give an adequate impersonation of Donna Elvira; with her, the gentler portions of the character are thrown too much into the background, while her passionate violence produces not unfrequently a disagreeable effect. Herr König was an admirable Octavio, presenting us with a sympathetic creation, vocally and histrionically. Musically correct, Herr Baumann sang the part of Leporello with quaint humour and pleasing voice, though his lower notes were not always equal to the requirements made on them. Mdle. Epstein made a natural and dainty little Zerlina. That the performance, as a whole, might be as evenly-balanced and complete as possible, our lyrical barytone, Herr Brandes, undertook the part of Masetto, acquitting himself of his task, despite the difference in tone-colour, with artistic skill and great taste. The effect produced by Herr Niering as the Commander was exceeding powerful, especially in the last scene, when his singing had really something supernatural about it.

The opera was very well got up and put on the stage by Herr Schwemer, being given almost entirely in its original shape, with the omission only of what was immaterial. Thus the absurdity of the "Letter-Air," as it is called, was at last abolished, and the number assigned to its proper place, the Churchyard Scene in the second act. The *finale*, too, of the first act was well and sensibly arranged, except that the two orchestras on the stage (as ordered by Mozart) should be turned towards the two dancing-places for the servants and for the country-people, though the present arrangement may be the result of a want of appropriate scenery. In other respects the latter was rich and good, though not, on the whole, exceeding the usual stage models: particular excellence was confined to two efforts: the landscape with practicable house in the first act and the churchyard in the second. We cannot say we were quite pleased with the ballet introduced. Though Herr Ambrogio, the ballet-master, had, as usual, arranged it tastefully and discreetly, and though we see it in various large theatres, it forms so glaring a contrast to the intentions of both composer and librettist, that it ought to be entirely done away with and replaced by a little simple grouping.

With regard to its acoustic qualities, the new house is good for the singing voice, but, on the other hand, decidedly unfavourable for spoken dialogue; the latter is audible only from the level of the first entrance; from that of the second, Mdle. Weiss's rich contralto was unintelligible. The effect of the instrumental music may probably be materially improved by changes in the arrangement of the orchestra.

The Emperor remained with his suite to the conclusion of the performance, and frequently gave signs of his approbation. Speaking to the directing architect, he said the house exceeded his expectations.

Herr Eduard Strauss, with his orchestra, gave, on his return journey from Hamburg to Vienna, five concerts in the Tivoli-Saal, Dresden.

Mdme ADELINA PATTI, accompanied by Signor Nicolini, has arrived here to perform a series of engagements at the Royal Opera. For her artistic tour in Germany, it is said, she will receive from M. Pollini, of Hamburg, 9,000 marks, or £450 a night.—(*Berlin Correspondence of the "Times," Nov. 1.*)

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER ("Manchester Examiner and Times").—The first of the Gentlemen's Concerts has not always been so well attended as that of last night, and the directors were assuredly well advised when they determined to abandon the September concert. September is often inconveniently early for the members of the band, and the conductor, like many of the subscribers, has often been on the Continent when the Concert Hall opened its doors for the season. Last night, however, Mr Hallé came fresh from his recent triumphs at Leipzig and Dresden, and was evidently not displeased with the cordiality of his reception as he entered the orchestra. The programme of the opening concert was admirably arranged, and the fiercest opponent of classical music must have been silenced in listening to the delightful performance of Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, which opened the concert. We may have heard finer performances of this symphony, though never one in which the composer's every shade of meaning was clearly conveyed, but when there is a chance of hearing a more magnificent rendering of Beethoven's majestic overture (*Leonora*) we most heartily hope we may be there to hear. It cannot be denied that during the long course of years during which these concerts have flourished the subscribers never had the privilege of hearing a band like the present one, and it would be difficult, also, to find a conductor so well studied in every kind of music. Mme Montigny-Rémaury, who was so favourably received last season, is one of the most accomplished of the many lady pianists now before the public, and last night again proved herself an executant of rare ability and intelligence. In everything she played—and her selections included a very wide range—her performance was distinguished by refinement and delicacy of expression, and her execution not less finished than brilliant. In the Bach Concerto she was joined by Mr Hallé, and the old-fashioned music, with its simple stringed accompaniments, was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr Herbert Reeves confirmed the favourable impression created on his first appearance some months ago. In any case he would have been received with sympathy, for an audience would be wanting in sensibility that did not receive the son of Sims Reeves with grateful recollections of how much his father has done for English vocal art. But Mr Herbert Reeves would have charmed the lovers of high-class singing had he borne any other name. The resemblance to his father's method and style suggests nothing like imitation, for that Mr Herbert Reeves has been a diligent student it is impossible to doubt. Such admirable phrasing and such artistic restraint we seldom notice in so young a singer, and when Mr Reeves's beautiful voice shall have gained in volume and power to the extent his youth leads us to hope it may, he will be able to take a very high place. As it is, there are not many tenors whom we hear with so much pleasure. Mr Reeves was twice re-called. The next concert will be given on the 22nd November, when Miss Zimmermann and Mdlle Pyk will appear.

[Among other things in the programme was Sterndale Bennett's enchanting and masterly overture, *The Wood Nymph*, which, being the work of an Englishman, was, as a matter of course, not considered worthy notice by the intelligent Manchester critic.—Dr Bünger.]

BRIGHTON.—Mr D'Oyly Carte's provincial company for the performance of Sullivan and Gilbert's popular opera *The Pirates of Penzance*, concluded a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal on Saturday evening, Oct. 30th, having achieved a great success, which was only a deserved acknowledgment of the admirable manner in which the work has been given by its clever representatives, the beauty of the costumes and scenery with which it was set; and the general stage arrangements. Miss Laura Clement sang and looked the part of Mabel charmingly, her youth, freshness of voice, fascinating appearance, and fine talent, being admirably adapted to it. Mr Gerard Coventry as Frank, Mr Marnock, the King of the Pirates, Mr Marter, the chief constable, and Mr D. Fisher, jun, the Major General, assisted by the other artists who composed the *troupe*, vied with each other and succeeded in their endeavours to produce an enjoyable *ensemble*. The houses were crowded at each performance, which were all so good and so thoroughly appreciated, as the numerous "encores" which were demanded testified, that Mr Carte's provincial company may be fairly said to rival the original, at the Opera Comique, in London.—H. W. G.

BEDFORD.—Mr Emanuel Aguilar's cantata, *The Bridal of Triermain*, was performed by the Bedford Musical Society on the evening of the 28th ult., and met with considerable success. This gentleman, well known in London, is a musician of great experience and considerable talent, and by the many excellent qualities shown in the music now placed before the public, many of his admirers will be led to enquire "why his vocal compositions have so seldom been heard?" The answer is not far to seek—the duties of London professional life

make too many demands upon the musician to allow him time to exercise the gifts of original composition. From the encouragement Mr Aguilar has received, perhaps he will now be induced to forego ease, and leave more lucrative labour for the honour of being classed amongst our musical benefactors. Mr Aguilar has been happy in the choice of subject. Sir Walter Scott is a fountain which seems never to run dry, and is never found to refuse poetic streams for musicians to set their mills a-working by. Amongst the riches provided by "the great magician of the north," Mr Aguilar has certainly not selected the least interesting. The cantata commences with a short *prelude* describing the sleeping maiden of the story. By an unexpected transition the musician hurries on the scene the character represented by the bass. Quickly the whole action of the piece is in full play; a chorus depicts the rising of a storm, and the following contralto air illustrates the troubled sleep of De Vaux. Ingenuity and fancy are shown by passages suggestive of "the night blast," and the mysterious bell tolling the midnight hour. The series of movements in this part of the work vividly reflects the exciting incidents of Sir Walter Scott's poem. Amongst the succeeding numbers, the chorus, "Rash adventurer," stands out prominently, nor should the melodious trio with chorus be overlooked. Mr Aguilar knows well how to write for the voice either in solo or concerted form. The music seemed specially adapted for the singers engaged to interpret it to the Bedford audience. Miss Henrietta Nunn sang the soprano in a manner that would lead one to think the composer had the scope of her talents in view when he wrote the part. Miss Eleanor Burnett was in every way adapted to the task allotted to her; the melodious voice of Mr Pearson was supplied with phrases of beauty, and the vigorous tones of Mr Isidore de Lara had full scope for energetic display. The chorus had been prepared by Mr Deimer, who certainly had not been sparing of the necessary, yet often unappreciated labour of teaching the ladies and gentlemen of the "Society." The orchestra exerted themselves to the utmost, and under the conduct of the composer, Mr Aguilar, rendered most valuable service. "The success was complete"—so says the *Bedfordshire Mercury* in an article full of compliments to Mr Aguilar, and of praise to his new work, *The Bridal of Triermain*, and the entire audience by their applause justified the remark. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous. It included the first movement of one of Haydn's symphonies, a solo on the harp, on airs from *Martha*, composed and admirably played by Mr Oberthur (encored), another on the violin by Mr D'Egville, a fantasia on *Faust* for the pianoforte by Mr Aguilar, and songs by Miss Burnett and Mr Isidore de Lara.

At the Dilettante Circle, Argyll Street, on Saturday evening, Oct. 30th, a new and original operetta was produced with decided success—the libretto by Mrs Walter Symons and Mr Harry St Maur, and the music by Mr Isidore de Lara, were well matched. The *dramatis personæ* were distributed as follows:—

Mr Mozart Sinclair (a musical maniac), Mr Isidore de Lara; Herbert Crawford (nephew of Mr Sinclair, in love with Amy Sinclair), Mr Farlong; John Stubbs (a servant with foreign experience), Mr Phillips; Amy Sinclair and Mand Sinclair (daughters of Mr Sinclair), Miss Kate Samuel and Miss Cooper (amateurs).

The operetta was followed by *A Husband in Clover* (Mr Phillips and Miss Samuel). The rooms were crowded.

Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer, the harpist, is engaged for a series of concerts in Boston and other New England cities.

MÖSSKIRCH.—The Baden Vocal Associations will celebrate on the 22nd inst. the 100th anniversary of Conradin Kreutzer's birth, which took place here on the above date 1780. The receipts of the concerts given on the occasion will be devoted to the projected Conradin Monument, for which more than 3000 marks have been already collected.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* will be performed at the first Subscription Concert of Rühl's Vocal Association on the 8th inst. Herr Julius Krniese has written new German words, in place of the original German version, which for many reasons is impossible in Germany.

COLOGNE.—The Concert Society will give this winter ten Subscription Concerts, under Dr Ferdinand Hiller. Among the works selected for performance are *St Paul*, Mendelssohn; *Die Kreutfahrer*, Niels von Gade; "Funeral March," Handel; "Gloria," Max Bruch; the *Grosse Passion*, J. S. Bach; an Orchestral Work, C. Saint-Saëns; the "Ninth Symphony," Beethoven; "Ländliche Hochzeit," Goldmark; and "Im Schwarzwald," Corder. MM. Gade and Saint-Saëns have promised to conduct their own works.

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 627.)

It is in his correspondence that we have sought for the details of Glinka's sojourn at Berlin in 1856-57. The following letter is the last he ever wrote. It is addressed to Mad. Schestakof, and dated the 27/15th January, 1857.

"I hasten to announce to you two pieces of good news. In the first place, you will receive from the hands of V. P. Polissadof, an Attaché of our Embassy in Berlin, to whom I entrusted it for you, a little cypress-wood box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and containing two silk handkerchiefs. Give it your daughter, Olla. Tell her that I remember and love her. When she attains her majority, she will find, if I live as long, that she possesses in me a good relation. The second piece of news is this: On the 21st January they sang at Court the trio from *Life for the Czar*. Mad. Wagner, who took Petrova's part, is an excellent artist, and highly popular. She was in very good voice. Meyerbeer conducted; he is an admirable *Capellmeister* in every respect. To understand the importance of this event, you must know that the concert was unique, a grand gala concert. There were nearly seven hundred persons, dressed in dazzling clothes, covered with gold and diamonds. If I am not mistaken, I am the first Russian musician to whom such an honour was ever paid. I send you a letter from Meyerbeer* and some newspaper articles relating to this event. Your faithful friend and brother,

"MICHAEL."

There is one fact which Glinka, with his usual modesty, omits to tell his sister, and that is: that the seven hundred persons, all glittering with gold, gave him after the performance of the trio, a genuine ovation. Who would have said that the end of this concert, at which the fine fragment of his first score had been so enthusiastically received, marked the limit of his career! Yet the great but unfortunate artist left the royal palace, where he had been surrounded, complimented, and applauded by the cream of the Berlin aristocracy, only to lie down on his death-bed. On leaving the overheated rooms, and while still trembling with the emotion caused by his success, he caught cold, and was attacked with inflammation on the chest. His enfeebled organization offered the illness no serious resistance; his stomach no longer acted. Michael Ivanovitch Glinka died on the 5th February, 1857, aged fifty-three. The funeral took place on the 6th, and was attended by an official of the Russian Embassy, Meyerbeer, Beer, Dehn, a Russian musician named Kachperof, a violinist named Grünwald, and the manager of the hotel where Glinka died. Two Russian ladies were present at the religious service: they were the wives of the chaplains of the embassies at Berlin and Weimar. In obedience to the wish of the deceased, there was a post-mortem examination. The liver was found to be inordinately enlarged and the stomach exceedingly small. Glinka had died of starvation, not having been able to take any nourishment for two whole weeks!

X.

The few last years and the last days which we have described were very sad. But the history of artists does not finish with their life; very frequently it is from the depths of the tomb that their spirit flashes forth its brightest rays. For Glinka, as for many others, his apotheosis commenced on the day that he fell asleep in the arms of death. A page of Koukolnick's *Memoirs*, which are still unpublished, though several extracts from them have appeared in various Russian periodicals, describes the dawn of the composer's tardy glory, now arrived at its apogee.

"Fame did not sound her trumpet to announce at St Petersburg Glinka's death. This hardly astonished me. I knew my countrymen. I was aware what indifference they exhibited on the death of Carl Brulof, indifference so great that, if we except the papers, no one appeared to be conscious that we had lost the Alexander of painting; there was no public display of affliction or sympathy. Would the same have been the case with Glinka? Yes, undoubtedly, unless some one had compelled people to do their duty and honour in a becoming manner the memory of the great composer. I wrote A. T. Lvof a warm letter, in which I demanded that a funeral service for Glinka should be celebrated with all possible solemnity in the Cathedral of Kasan; I moreover gave the director of the Imperial Chapel to understand that, if he refused to help me, I would effect my end without him. Lvof agreed to my idea and sent in a report to the Minister. The latter was a long time coming to a

* This letter was lost, and never reached Mad. Schestakof.

decision, but at last he did so. His choice, however, did not fall upon Kasan, and Lvof, by the way, had not asked that it should, but on the church in Kanioucha Street. Then the following notice was drawn up for publication: 'The singers of the Imperial Chapel, having been informed of the death of their fellow-official, have resolved to sing at his obsequies.' This announcement struck me as unsatisfactory. I immediately drew up another in touching terms, and forwarded it to Lvof and to the censor, Panaief. That wretched manufacturer of idylls, bent down under the weight of honours, decorations, and diamond stars, considered it unbecoming to speak so solemnly of a mere musician; a medium form was hit upon, in which Glinka was condescendingly spoken of as a remarkable composer. On the 23rd February, at two o'clock, the church in Kanioucha Street was filled with admirers of Glinka's talent. Among them were some ladies of the first society, Baron M. A. Korf, and Prince P. A. Viasemski. Polissadof, secretary to the Embassy, had just arrived from Berlin. He had seen Glinka on the 10th January. He made a short speech full of tact and good sense. The choir of the Imperial Chapel began; the '*So sviatimi ou pokot*' thundered magnificently through the church, and I returned home, with some little satisfaction and tolerably calm, saying to myself that, willingly or unwillingly, proper honours had been paid to poor Glinka. At the same time, younger friends and admirers resolved to organize artistic obsequies for him. A concert was given, at the rooms of the Philharmonic Society, in memory of him, several of his works being included in the programme. On the part of Germans this was a meritorious act. It was so appropriate to the occasion, that those who got it up were rewarded for the example they had set. A large number of persons attended. Unfortunately, the members of the higher classes shone by their absence. Prince Viasemski, already mentioned, was the sole representative of the St Petersburg aristocracy.

"Oh, that I could flee far from them! could flee from the land where destiny has cast me, and where we meet inhabitants but not one citizen! Unhappy compatriots! Unhappy country!"

The indifference which the dramatist Koukolnick denounces in such indignant terms at length ceased. At the request of Count Tolstoi, the Emperor ordered that Glinka should be buried at St Petersburg and at the expense of the state. The exhumation took place at Berlin in the presence of M. Engelhardt, a friend of the composer's youth, and on the 21st May, 1857, Glinka's remains entered the port of Constadt.

Glinka reposes in the Monastery of the Trinity of St Alexander-Newski. This monastery, one of the most celebrated in Russia, bears the distinctive name of *lavra*. There are three *lavras* in the Russian Empire: that of the Trinity of Moscow, that of the Holy Sepulchre of Kiev, and the one first named. This last, at the extremity of the Newski Perspective, on the left bank of the Neva, consists of a vast space walled in and containing six churches, the metropolitan's palace, a monastery, a seminary, a large library, a cemetery, and lastly a sort of garden of acclimatization. Considerable riches are accumulated in the treasury of the church, and under the crypt are buried members of the most illustrious families. Glinka's tomb, the work of the architect Ivan Ivanovitch Gornostaiief, of the Academy of Fine Arts, stands in the cemetery. It is a sort of pyramid, presenting on its face the medallion of the master in profile, sculptured by M. Laveretski, a very young man when he executed it, but now in his turn a professor at the Academy. Above the medallion are seen a musical staff and the first measures of the "*Slavia*," from *Life for the Czar*. It was M. Vladimir Stassof who suggested placing there the theme of one of the most magnificent numbers written by the national composer.

Glinka's monument is the result of a public subscription, towards which a grand concert was given, on the 14th November, 1870, by the Artists' Club in the large room used for the assemblies of the aristocracy. This concert, says a Russian writer, was a genuine and triumphal *triumph** in honour of the genius who was the hero of it. M. Balakiref officiated as conductor, and the programme was made up entirely of pieces by Glinka, whose bust was crowned on the stage by Petrof amid the applause of the public. It seemed as though, at that solemn moment, the soul of his country awoke, and by the thousand voices of the crowd saluted one of its most glorious sons. Thus do great creators pursue their course amid indifference and sometimes hate. Are the posthumous honours deemed them a sufficient reparation for the

* "*Trizna*," solemn games, celebrated in olden times in Russia at the tombs of warriors. Their principal features were pugilism and wrestling.

injustice they have suffered during their lives? "Alas, poor Yorick!" exclaimed Berlioz.

After being neglected for some fifteen years, the opera of *Rousslan and Ludmila* has been revived at the Maria Theatre, where it excites enthusiasm, as stated the other day by M. Rappaport, the St Petersburg Correspondent of the *Ménestrel*, when speaking of its hundred and eightieth performance.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, October 30th:—

Capriccio, in B flat minor, Op. 33, No. 3, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Mukle, pupil of Mr Westlake; Song (MS.), "A token" (William G. Wood, student)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Mr Sinclair Dunn, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Allegro molto, from Sonata in C minor, pianoforte (Mozart)—Mr Kirkland, pupil of Mr H. R. Eyers; Duetto, "Manio l'antico ardore" (Cherubini)—Miss Clements and Miss Ariana Fermi, pupils of Mr Fiori; Minuet and rondo, from Sonata in G (MS.), pianoforte (John E. West, student)—Miss Dinah Shapley, Lady Goldsmid scholar, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr F. B. Jewson; Duet, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" *Messiah* (Handel)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss F. Hipwell and Mr Sinclair Dunn, pupils of Mr Fiori; Toccata, in D minor, organ (Bach)—Mr W. Hughes, pupil of Dr Steggall; Sextet, "All around is so dark," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Donna Anna, Miss Kate Hardy, Donna Elvira, Miss Rowe, Zerlina, Miss J. Pulham, Don Ottavio, Mr H. Jones, Leporello, Mr Cummings, Masetto, Mr Bishop, pupils of Mr Shakespeare; Studies, in C and F (Book 2), pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Marian Davis, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Song (MS.), "A mother sang to her weeping child" (Elizabeth Foksett, student)—(accompanist, Miss E. Foksett)—Miss M. Spencer Jones, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr F. R. Cox; Allegro, from Concerto in E minor, No. 18, violin (Viotti)—(accompanist, Miss Maud Willett)—Miss Kathleen Watts, pupil of Mr Sainton; Toccata, in C minor, Op. 38, pianoforte (Sir William Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Kate Isaacson, pupil of Mr Wingham; Song (MS.), "May" (Rowland Briant, student)—(accompanist, Mr R. Briant)—Miss Florence Norman, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Mr F. R. Cox; Sonata, Op. 4, pianoforte (Brahms)—Mr Samson, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas.

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN."

(To the Editor of the "Referee.")

NO. I.

SIR,—In your notice of the St James's Theatre in last week's issue of the *Referee* you say that "it has been largely admitted that the complete reconstruction of the first two acts of *Black-eyed Susan* has met with the warm approval of Douglas Jerrold's living representatives." Such is not the case. My sister, Miss Jerrold, and I were not even consulted on the subject. When last winter a rumour was circulated that Mr Wills proposed some alteration in my father's play, we signified our utter disapproval of such a proceeding, and believed the idea had been abandoned. But, surprised as we were to see the play of *William and Susan* announced, we were far more surprised to see it publicly stated that the alteration and mutilation had been made with the consent and approval of the entire family. Trusting you will give publicity to this emphatic denial of an unfounded statement, I am, Sir, yours faithfully, TOM JERROLD.

NO. II.

SIR,—I have to thank you for your very kind and manly defence of my dear father's memory—the late Douglas Jerrold. The mutilation of one of my father's best dramas by Mr Wills has never had my consent, nor would it have. The whole affair I look upon as an insult to the memory of one who during his life worked hard to keep the calling of which he was so pure and honest a member, free from anything that was not truly English. As the youngest daughter, and one of the three living representatives of the "Jerrold family," I beg to deny in toto that I have ever had anything to do with this affair, about which I am highly indignant.—Yours truly,

MARY A. JERROLD.

The organ recently finished by Messrs S. R. Warren & Co., for the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Toronto, is the second largest in the city, and cost 10,000 dollars.

ROSSINI'S *COMTE ORY*.

Le Comte Ory, the revival of which I briefly noticed the other evening, was repeated on Wednesday night, and appeared to interest more deeply the regular *habitués* of the Opera than the special audience assembled at the *Première*. It is beyond question that the texture of the music is somewhat light for the enormous *salle* of the new Operahouse, and that the delicate grace of Rossini's facile strains would be better appreciated in the smaller *locale* of the Place Favart. It is no less certain that the present generation of singers have the secret of the Rossinian roudades, but the work is so full of spontaneous inspiration from beginning to end that, executed beyond reproach so far as orchestra and chorus are concerned, *Le Comte Ory* cannot fail to delight all genuine *dilettanti*. Mdlle Daram sings the principal soprano part with insufficient voice, but with good style, while M. Dereims as the Comte Ory looks at least the lady-killer to perfection. But the most capable of the executants is M. Melchisedec, who, as Raimbaud, the hero's attendant, sings and acts with equal spirit. His chief solo, by-the-by, is taken bodily from Rossini's *pièce de circonstance*, *Il Viaggio à Rheims*, the names of the wines found in the cellar in this Bacchanalian air being substituted for the enemies slain in the original song, which was a description of the Battle of Trocadero, in memory whereof was laid out the Place utilised for the Exhibition of 1877. Nothing is more remarkable than the skill with which Rossini has utilised, in *Le Comte Ory*, a comic opera, the pieces originally composed for an *à propos cantata*, written in celebration of Charles X.—(*Paris Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph."*)

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The following arrangements have been made for the tenth season. The series will consist of eight concerts, (six of them being subscription), and should it be found practicable some additional concerts will be given. The season will commence next Thursday, with Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, when the usual orchestra will be increased by the band of the Coldstream Guards. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for Thursday, December 2nd, with Mme Albani, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Ludwig, as principal singers. The other works intended to be produced are Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and Handel's *Messiah*. Dr Stainer will be the organist, and Mr Barnby conductor.

BERLIN.—As predicted, Suppé's *Juanita* did not hold possession of the bills long. It has made way for Lecocq's *Petite Mademoiselle*, re-named *Die Feindin des Cardinals*. It is said that the last new French fairy piece, *L'Arbre de Noël*, for which Lecocq has written some of the music, will shortly be performed at the Victoria Theater. —Miss Emma Thursby made her first appearance here at a concert in the Sing Akademie on the 23rd ult, and achieved a signal triumph. She was much admired and rapturously applauded in all her songs, but more especially in Mozart's "Mia Speranza adorata," her rendering of which was pronounced by everyone exceptionally fine. She was supported by Mdlle Ottilie Licherfeld, Herren Gustav Holländer and Heinrich Grünfeld, all of whom afforded perfect satisfaction to a large and highly intelligent audience. —The first concert for the season of the Royal Domchor, or Cathedral Choir, took place on the 25th ult, when the programme included the double-chorus: "Fratres, ego enim," Palestrina; "Peccavi" for alto, tenor, and bass, Caldara; "Misericordias Domini," Durante; "Dixit Maria ad Angelum," Hassler; and "Fürchte Dich nicht," J. S. Bach. The more modern compositions were a "Benedictus," R. Succo, and setting of the 22nd Psalm, E. F. Richter. —The last annual report on the musical educational institutions in connection with the Royal Academy of Arts comprises the period from the 1st October, 1879, to the 1st October, 1880. There are, as most persons know, three such institutions: I. The High School, Section for Musical Composition, was attended during the winter-half by 30, and during the summer-half by 27 pupils; the masters are Herren Grell, Taubert, Kiel, and Bargiel. II. The Section for Executive Musical Art, for which there are 23 regular, and 13 extra masters, showed 237 pupils during the winter-half, and 218 during the summer-half. The number of amateurs taking part in the choral practice and performances was from 40 to 50. There were 5 public and 12 private performances. III. The Institute for Sacred Music, in which department Professors Haupt, Julius Schneider, Löschhorn, and Herr Ressel, *Kammermusikus*, are the instructors, had 24 pupils, of whom 6 left at Easter; the normal number is 20.

MOLIÈRE.

"The universal earth salutes thy face, Thou Poet King with deathless honour crowned! But France and Molière united place Their crown at Shakspeare's feet on English ground!" Such was the felicitous form of expression, and such the exercise of fancy, employed by M. Got when, in the name of his fellow-countrymen and the poet of France, he saluted English art, alternately turning from the bust of Molière to the statue of Shakspeare. Gracious gifts like these, where eloquence, taste, and courtesy meet in happy companionship, are rare in the special observances of our cold and hardy race, which, according to French imagery, has been melted into love and beauty and tenderness by the influence of an exceptional poet. It is a novelty, but a not unwelcome change, when on the boards of an English theatre we behold a deputation of dramatic art handing over by means of fanciful metaphor a legacy of love and respect from one immortal poet to another. Our occasional addresses spoken from the stage are, for the most part, coloured with more playful humour than imaginative power, and it may be assumed as certain that all the prestige, the earnest ambition, and the characteristic dignity of the Comédie Française are required to give importance and weight to so unusual and daring a ceremony. But frivolity hides her head at the sight of pronounced intellect; the power of genius puts empty laughter to flight; and it would have required a most shameless jester to ridicule that memorable picture when the curtain drew up and discovered the fairest flowers in the French dramatic garden planted at the base of two familiar statues, and when, in solemn accents and with unrivalled expression, the doyen of the Comédie Française alluded to art as if it were the soul of a grand religion. Now, therefore, that we stand in the presence of these students and handmaidens, and that we are somewhat awed by the influence which is greatest when it is most sincere, we may perhaps be permitted to return the compliment that has been offered to us, and to render homage in turn to the genius of one who is claimed as the father of our respected and admired guests. The shade of Molière has saluted Shakspeare, but Shakspeare greets the shadow of Molière. Born of humble parents, this Jean Baptiste Poquelin, otherwise called Molière—the once neglected son of the "valet de chambre tapisier" at the French King's Court, the creator of character, the favourite of Louis XIV., the disappointed husband, the philosopher, the actor, and the possessor of a most tender nature—has more claims upon our generous consideration and reflection than that he gave to the world the original plays which have furnished our stage from time to time with Fielding's *Mock Doctor* and *The Miser*, with Bickerstaff's *Hypocrite*, and with valuable material used by Wycherley and Garrick in *The Country Wife* and *The Country Girl*.

Interesting at all times must be the life and career of a genius who, beginning as a melancholy and unknown youth, fought his way to Royal patronage and universal esteem; who used his privileges as he did the experiences of his position to adorn the art he so studiously cultivated; who employed the Royal favour in order to found that temple of comedy which has endured to this day under the shelter of his name; and who, actor and man of the world as he was, never degraded the one calling or neglected the opportunities of the other. Contrasted with the brilliant success of Molière's life is a dark and abiding shadow of bitterness and despair. His best plays are those which contain the reflection of his own experience, and which, amid so many scenes of gaiety and satire, conceal the weary disappointment of an aching heart. When the provincial actor had come to Paris and made a name; when he had been the favourite alternately at the theatre called *Le Petit Bourbon* and the *Palais Royal*; when he had sat at the same table with the King and been helped by the Royal hands to show that Majesty could despise the impertinence of the lackeys who spurned him; and when he had scattered into promising soil the good seed that was destined to spring up into the Comédie-Française, Molière made the one great mistake of his life—he married. The happiness of his career was clouded over when he selected for his wife a young actress of his company, one Armande Péjart, a girl of a frivolous nature and coquettish disposition, who, ignorant as she was of the treasure contained in his faithful heart, wearied him with her systematic wilfulness and irritated a naturally sensitive and jealous disposition. It was Molière's fate to be separated from the wife he so sincerely loved, and who was the subject of one of

the most eloquent and philosophical essays on affection ever written. What a drama of life that must have been, how tender with regret, and how instinct with passionate longing, when, parted from the woman whom he adored, but who had no respect for him, he wrote plays in which their lives were reproduced, and characters which were the echo of their career, and, what is more, acted in them with the very wife who was only so in name! It is impossible to understand all that lies at the root of *Le Misanthrope*, unless we read it by the light of the life of Molière. When we know and understand that Molière was Alceste, and the faithless Armande was intended for Célimène, the comedy receives new inspiration and colour and the pathos of the unloved man acquires a fresh intensity. "You have a good right to hate me; do so; I cannot help it," says Célimène, in the play; to which answers Alceste, "Traitor, how can I? Is it possible thus to triumph over all my affection? And, though with all my soul I long to hate you, do you think that I can find I have the heart to obey the impulse?" In the case of Molière this was much more than an acted scene of a stage play; it was the passionate regret of the husband for the loss of the wife, and the bitter truth concealed under the fluttering leaves of dramatic fiction. The comedians of the Théâtre-Français have not altogether forgotten the circumstances in which the play was written, or the domestic sorrow that inspired it; for the other evening, when Célimène had quitted the stage and left Alceste to make his peace with Eliante, few observant eyes could have failed to notice how Delaunay, the actor, addressed the maiden with mind evidently far away, how he spoke to one woman present and evidently thought of the other departed, and how, refused companionship, the lonely man preferred exile, honour, and liberty. According to outward appearances, all this was the fate of the fictitious Alceste, but in grim reality it was the life of the real Molière.

We may be told that the plots of the plays of Molière are improbable and far-fetched, and warned that he borrowed at one time from the Italians and another from the Greeks; that the *Adelphi* of Terence suggested one story, and the *Euclys* of Plautus another; but these circumstances do not detract from the brilliancy of his character-painting or the acuteness of his philosophy. Like the best writers of all time, he reproduced what he saw and what he knew, mingling his satire with exquisite and uncontrollable humour. No wonder that actors love the name and memory of Molière, for throughout his career and almost with his last breath he had their best interests at heart, and secured a tardy respect for a well-abused profession. One day towards the close of his life, he was told that an old comedian who had acted with him in Languedoc was out of an engagement, and almost dying of hunger. "What shall I give him?" asked Molière. "Four pistoles," was the reply of the friend who introduced the subject. "Well, give him four from me," observed Molière. "But, look here; add these twenty more, but in your name." The actor-author at last died literally in harness. He had been very ill, though soled by the presence of his repentant wife; and on the occasion of the fourteenth representation of the *Malade Imaginaire* they begged and entreated him not to act. "Not act!" said Molière. "Impossible! There are fifty poor fellows dependent on me for their daily bread. What will they do if I do not act? I would never reproach myself with having neglected to give them their food for a single day so long as I had a leg to stand upon." So he acted, and for the last time. While pronouncing the word "Juro" in the comedy a convulsion seized him, which he endeavoured to conceal with a laugh. His hands were cold, and he was taken home to his deathbed, and, though the ordinary honours of sepulture were at first denied to this poor "rogue and vagabond," his faithful friend the King prevailed upon the Archbishop of Paris to give him some maimed rites, which were at least satisfactory to his friends. Such was the end of the dramatic poet from whose works selections will be made by the artists of the "Maison Molière" during their visit to this country. Such was the conflict of his life and such the reflection of his nature. Well may we in England, valuing the fruits of a genius so exalted, and of a life so simple, echo the appreciative sentiments pronounced by M. Got in that ode of welcome: "Like Roman soldier he knew how to die, And armed by will he mocked misfortune's breath; His foes are conquered by eternity, And his grand laughter triumphs after Death."

BARBAGRIGGIA.

SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

The Saturday Orchestral Concerts, announced to be given at St James's Hall, have been organized with a view to supplying a want for a long time felt in London, that of hearing high-class orchestral music during the winter at popular prices. The programmes will include symphonies, concertos, &c., of the classical masters, and such works by modern composers as, by their excellence, may seem entitled to consideration. A special feature will be the production at each concert of at least one important work by an English composer, and while due regard will in this branch be paid to established reputation, "a name will not be considered a *sine qua non*." The instrumental selections at each concert will be varied by one or two vocal solos. The first concert is to take place on Saturday evening, November 13th. The following new works, by English composers, are announced to be performed during the season:—Symphony in C minor, No. 3 (F. H. Cowen); Concerto for violin (Arthur Jackson); Overture in D (Shakespeare); Overture, *Corinne* (Julian Edwards); Overture (H. C. Nixon); Tone Picture, "The Ebbing Tide" (John Francis Barnett). Mr Frederic H. Cowen is to be the conductor.

—o—
WAIFS.

The San Carlo, Naples, will open with *Aida*.

The Academy of Music, Chicago (U.S.), has been destroyed by fire.

Herr Randolfi is engaged as barytone at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

The Instrumental Association, Elberfeld, lately celebrated its 50th anniversary.

Herr Adolph Fischer, the violoncellist, has returned from Europe to New York.

The *claque* has been abolished (for how long?) at the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons.

A new institution, the Scuole Musicali G. B. Pergolesi, has been opened in Naples.

A new Vocal Quartet, the Sisters Tschampa, is expected at Brussels from Vienna.

Bodenstedt, the German poet, has returned from America, and is residing in Wiesbaden.

The Philharmonic Concerts, Hamburg, were resumed for the season on the 22nd ult.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, is to be thoroughly repaired and converted into a Politeama.

The Italian operatic season at the Théâtre Municipal, Nice, is to be inaugurated with *Les Huguenots*.

Herr Jahn will enter almost immediately on his duties as director of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A perfumer of the Faubourg St Honoré advertises a new scent, which he calls "The Odour of Sanctity."

George Henschel makes his first appearance in New York at the Symphony Society's Concert this evening.

"Never marry a girl," says an American paper, "unless you have known her at least three days and a picnic."

The Teatro del Fondo, Naples, will be opened for a short season with *Faust*, Mdlle Tescher being the Marguerite.

Mora, a new opera, with libretto by Sig. Ghislanzoni, and music by Sig. Luigi Vicini, has been produced at Lecco.

In Berlin street musicians are obliged to have a licence, so that street music is not so rampant there as in London.

Mr David Schaad, twenty years secretary of the New York Philharmonic Society, died in that city on the 7th October, aged seventy-two.

J. Rattray & Co., tobacco merchants, Montreal, exhibit at the Exposition there "God save the Queen," words and music, formed entirely of cigarettes and tobacco.

The number of dresses in Signor Ponchielli's new opera, *Il Figliuolo prodigo*, to be produced this winter at the Scala, Milan, will amount to 500. The scenery is already painted.

A dramatic sketch, *Il Figlio di Teziano*, from the pen of Sig. E. Lombroso, with prelude, romance, and barcarolle, by Sig. L. Mancinelli, is announced at the Teatro Gerbino, Turin.

Mr Barton McGuckin has been singing the part of Wilhelm in the English version of *Mignon*, with the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Leeds and Birmingham, with great success. The attendance in Birmingham was the largest during the season.

The White Cloak, by Prince George of Prussia, has been translated into Italian, and will be produced by Mdme Ristori.

At the grand Festival Service at St Matthias, Kensington, on Sunday last, Oct. 31st, an effective new anthem, "The Hosts of Heaven," by Zoeller, was performed. It is a chorus for men's voices, with a beautifully written tenor solo, "To Thee my will resigning," which was rendered by the director of the choir, Mr Faulkner Leigh. Schubert's Mass in B flat formed the remainder of the festival music. The church was crowded in every part to excess.

A Harvest Festival was held at Westminster Abbey on Saturday last, the 30th Oct. The musical portion of the service was rendered by the London Gregorian Choral Association. There were some 350 voices in the choir, and these were accompanied in the Processional Hymns and other portions of the service by brass instruments; the effect of these instruments was especially impressive in the last hymn, for which *obligato* parts had been written by Mr Warwick Jordan, who presided at the organ.

MISS BARNETT.—This young artist, steadily working her way to popularity, appeared last Saturday at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts for the first time, when her share in the excellent programme was performed in a manner that secured well deserved success. By those who know the trained ability of the fair artist, it will be readily believed that her two songs "Never again," (Cowen), and "Won by a rose," (Roeckel), received able vocal treatment; and that true appreciation, and faithful expression of the sentiments were not wanting to enforce nature's gifts. —P. G.

St Oswald's Church, Blankney, having been thoroughly restored through the munificence of Lady Florence and Mr Henry Chaplin, M.P., Messrs Gray & Davison were lately commissioned to build an organ from specifications prepared by Dr Verrinder, who, on Sunday last, Oct. 31st, played at the morning and evening services, which were fully choral. The choir numbered over thirty voices, assisted by Lady Florence Chaplin and other illustrious visitors who were seated behind the choir. The rector, the Rev. J. Stephens, intoned Tallis's responses, and in his sermon alluded to the many obligations the congregation were under to their generous benefactors, and hoped the latest gift of a new organ by Lady Florence Chaplin would be not only a splendid ornament, but conducive to the praise and glory of "Him who giveth all." Dr Verrinder gave an organ recital after the evening service, the whole of the large congregation, gathered from the neighbourhood of Lincoln, remaining till the last note had died away.

ONE DAY.*

How sweet the blue sky beamed one day,
How softly sighed the breeze,
I seem to hear its whispers sway
These same old willow trees;
I seem to see the golden gleam
Of sunlight chasing shade,
And catch the ripple of the stream
That wanders through the glade.

One day what was the song it sang

So softly in my ear?

"One day"—"one day"—it seems to say

"You were not lonely here!"

The trees stood round us two, one

day

(Ah me the years are old),

And all the sunlight seemed to stray

In floods of molten gold;

And life for us was only love,

And never love before;

I look at those blue vaults above,

And wonder why you swore

One day, to love me as you lov'd

For ever, evermore;

One day—one day—those false

vows say,

Ah! trust in vows no more.

One day—it was so long ago—

Yet I remember still;

But now the leaves sweep to and fro,

And autumn's breath is chill,

And never gleam of golden light

Falls on my weary face—

The face you thought so glad and

bright

In all its maiden grace.

One day—one day—my love

that was,

My love that ne'er shall be,

For all the love I had for you,

You had no love for me!

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RITA.

BRESLAU.—The next and Fifth Silesian Musical Festival will take place on the 29th, 30th, and 31st May, 1881, in this town, where the second Festival was held in 1877. The principal works will be Handel's *Samson* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Dr Julius Schäfer, the University Musical Director, will conduct the former, and Herr Ludwig Deppe, of Berlin, the latter.

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